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THE
Passionate Poet.

With a Description of the
Thracian Jsmarus.

By T.P.

Pallus habet plures spiritus quam geminos pueros.



LONDON

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at the signe of the white Swanne.

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George H. Stevens



To the Right honorable and my most
vertuous Ladie, The Ladie Frauncis
Countesse of Kildare. T. P. wisheth
all perseuerance, with soules happynes.



Howe did we read what passion wrought at once,
It pleas'd, displeas'd vs, and it pleas'd againe.
Front-fallow'd Athens ministred in frownes,
Which Ismarus to Comick did reclaime.

May she propyne thy wronges, and onely those,
But Thracian refuge do not we propose.

Thy weare not Athens frownes that offended,
And be she powerfull in her reprehension,
But want of worthines to thee intended,
To see (great Ladie) life of mine inuention.

Tu from thy fauour, or sewerer sence,
We smile or take acquaintance with offence.
Vouchsafe (thou fairest of Elisacs trayne)
From bewties element one gracious dymple,
Th' immensuities whereof shall entertayne
And countenance the error of the symple.

If thou be pleas'd, then all are satisfide,
Or be thou pleas'd, so frowne the world beside.

Your Ladyships in all
dutyfull office
Tho. Powell.



To the Reader.

IT may be, some *Rhetoric* Prelector holdes it enquirable for the Title, as professing too much of affectation thereunto. Nor do I blame him, when, conferring the importance thereof with our impotence, he deprehend not a reason in the very front, or first face of my Booke. It shall suffice, for thy better satisfaction, I was most inward with mine owne defects: which I studied to preserve from severer exposition, as thus: If any challenge me for dismembring a good history, which might better have beene continued from the beginning, it was not I, but Passion. If, that my Introduction be somewhat too prolix, in respect of the maine subject proposed. All this was of Passion, that once enlarge, is hardly called in and restrained. If that in many of these Plaines, I observe no strict methode or time; I answer still, it was of Passion: One that never speaks in numbers, never begins with a *Quandoquidem*, or *Quemadmodum*, one that respects not the preparative complement of hemming or spitting, the authentick stroking of the beard, or your demure winking. Briefly, one of the most licentious, irregular, and vnsmall Libertines of this Age, and notwithstanding as currant for excusable, as the loosers language, or some prevaricator in a learned assembly. From hence I was advised to assume his shape, as a most spacious protection, which the rather I made personate in the Poet, as well for suggestion of his office, which ought to bee most conversant in Passion out of the abuses of these times, as for conciliation of our true Divines, whom I onely admire, and not of arrogance, as being sensible of any thing in mee, which might maintaine such profest importance. He that vnderstandeth further here in, gives me cause, if understood, to suspect his judgement; if learned, his severitie.

Farwell.





I. P. to the Author.

O Ne is the streame that flows in both our wayes,
Our name, our fortunes, blind of disproportion:
And shall a kinsmans interest restraime?

Thy due forbids suspect such darke extortion.

I le straine my selfe to prais'e, and not exceed,

Th abounded boundes of thy destruing meed.

How well these Hæmaroides of thy wit

Decipher to our Artists Artes true vices!

How well do st thou thy selfe, thy selfe acquit,

Assuming that contempt which thence argueth?

Laying thy stage in Thracian Iliarus,

A modell of this vniuerse diffu e,

In it conuaid a Theme of serion nes,

Of weilding common and the states affaires,

Pretending fable, where lies nothing lesse,

One to call away leuener eares.

What need: he couch in morall, or els feare,

Whose lines are modest to the most seuer?

And such are thine from meecker spirit flowing:

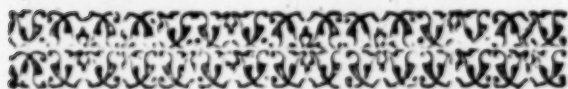
Cherish that spirit in her towardnesse:

So shall thy labors with my praies grow

De-registred, (suspition in recess.)

Bleesme u, I suspire no fresher aire,

Then are my hopes of thee, and they stand faire.





Lectori de & Poesi & Poeta
Ogdoasticon.

V illa quæ miratur iners ludibria vulgus,
Qui petu hic, opera hac dicto meta tua,
Læta pondus habes: Nec habes quod læta, pondus
Læta sola docet: læta senu dabit.
Ergo ab Atlante nepas, cerebro Iouis eduxa virgo,
Proionis & pendens agmen ab ore legant.
Cætera tui a tuas muscas venare. Ministro
Fulminis hac valido propria prada. Vale.

G. O:



*The Passionate
Poet.*

Vith that *Ioue* yssue did prouoke the God,
Whose visage is compact of salarodes
To leaue his throne of waters and deli end;
To giue their serious Controuersie end,
Vrging being vrg'd herselfe by hope of fame,

The yong *Iouis* might affect hir name.
Neptune his dangling bawdricke cast aside,
Which to a well tun'd Lyre his hand did guide.
And then sustaines his scepter, which to beare
Is Isthinian labor; Thus *Tridentifer*
Gazing at honors worth, forsakes his Court,
Where Mermaids do for choristers resort,
Whose diuidence incestuous and vnchaste
Rauisht the Citizens of seas laid waste.
Vpon a faire find Dolphin did he ride,
While blew *Nereides* lackey by his side,
And with their measuring feet checke corall beds,
The richest meteor that the Ocean breeds:
The Godhead that in shape of Bull did lie,
Had not a carriage of such Maiestie.
By this the Seas great Arbitrer attain'd
The farthest bounds *Oceanus* had gain'd,
And now the yeelding sand did testifie
That earth shooke vnderneath his surquedrie.
The azure God at Agas strand arriued,

The

The Passionate

The stall from whence his Nerean steeds contri'd
Their thirstie fodder, Agas well furuaid
The faire tonicke structure vnderlaid:
This infant cite plac't in *Amica*,
Was proud of his accessse, there did he stay.
There *Pallas* and *Palemon* do allow
The moderation of their randeuow.
The disputants thus haue they both decreed,
That humane censure shall preferre the deed
Whereby their deities may best disclose,
Who ought so faire a title to impose.
His mother *Vesta* some did inuocate,
And on her bosome laid his scepters waights:
Thus the desire of *Flamen* and of *Phane*,
Causde him to wound her breast. coniuere her name:
Out of whose entralls did profiliate
A horse from whom his kind is propagate.
Hereby he wooed the suffrage of mankind,
And made *Hyppona* Goddesse of that shrine:
She that vnknowne by *Trytons* side did sit,
Contemn'd the God and counterpois'd the gift,
Stirculeus did inspire her with his Arte,
Diuiding natures influence apart.
For *Neptune* cald him Sire false potent,
And when he stood proscrip't to banishment:
Did he diuide his heauen wrackt soule from harmes,
And vnto *Latium* beares him in his armes,
Lamenting him and his attending feares,
Made the worldes greater part a sea of teares:
Whose teares the faire *Hyperion* from his cheekes
Extracts, and swolne with moysture kindly weepes.
The God that chang'd his Scepter for a scythe,
Inspird the Dame that did with *Neptune* strue:
He taught her exorcismes and practicke skill
To make the earth obsequious to her will.
In honor of *Minerva* did it yeild

Poet:

An Olive tree, the first that grac't the fields
 For this the Consistorie did assigne
 To gratifie him with Ionicke shrine.
 There the *Filamines* with temples bound,
 Present large Vines that are with incense crown'd,
 Whose flame with soueraigne liquor they infuse
 Conuerts to smoke and makes the ayre obtuse.
 Hereat the enuious Saturnist repinde,
 His weake assumption retrograde enclinde:
 Albeit they gaue him temple and a flame,
 Yet fortune had not equall'de their fame.
 His comicke Alcoran was desolate,
 VVhilst hers with Nardus fumes did suffocate:
 His Priests their emptie challices extend,
 Her Ministers ammonius sente commend
 And through their nostrils conduit entertaine
 The gentle odor they expire againe:
 From hence *Ennosigens* did acquest
 The motiue which his drooping soule deprest;
 And thus the rather aggrauates the same,
 That Athens should affect *Athenas* name.
Ioue-lou'd *Athena* great in Athens loue
 Aspir'd the spheare where *Iouis* starre did moue,
 And forc't him from his separable orbe,
 whose exhalation *Neptune* did absorbe:
 wherewith enrag'd the furious Orgist raues,
 And with his head subordnd the purple waues.
 This *exit* introduc't a second stage,
 where Athens did intend the vmpirage
 Of her *Athena*, in whose breast appears
 Legends of acts, deceitfull characters:
 There Athens in abraſiue lines did write
 A borrowed name with brittle Chyrſolite:
 In Times compendious booke did she ymprage
 A name vnguiltie of succeeding ages
 VVhy then, Qname recorded to misprision,

The Passionate

O time-bred shame: O booke of definition.
Their mutuall loue suspir'd a liuely heate,
When misaffecting rites were incomplete:
For many rites are intercedent there,
Where loue with arts and arts with loue conspires
So *Athens* loude *Athens* for her name,
And so for loue was she turn'd Artisane.
O happie change if neuer to returne,
Thyestes mount with arts might euer burne.
The seeing Goddesse vs'd a seemely might
To make her *Athens* see with learnings light:
But eyes that trauaile vnderneath her zone
Sustaine ecclypse of reputation:
And such as are to schollership enclind,
Learne best to see how they may best be blind.
Her *Athens* was the Muses *Helicon*,
For there she rais'd a second *Hieron*:
That *Gymnasia* which platane shades enchase,
Concealing it from each celestiall face.
O had it bin immur'd with reputation,
Or had it not such ciuill intimation,
Then vile respect that child of ignorance,
Had not conspir'd with learned arrogance.
But woe is me for arte lies prostitute
While ignorance doth tread her vnder foote.
The *Phocion* is insatiate in his lust,
Whose hot coniunction makes my muse combust:
Thus is she most unhappie of the nine,
Thus is her ill made worse by being thine.
Like chaste *Euridice* she flies from fate,
Euridice faire and infortunate,
VWhile he pursues with *Aristæan* will
My muse from whom this passion doth distill.
Yet were she free from any serpents sting,
If sanctuarie were an holy thing:
But faction abrogates her holy vse,

Arte

Poet.

Arte is oppos'd to arte and Muse to muses
She harbors enuie and not emulation,
Sinceritie is made selfe affectation.
Beleeue mee *Athen*, this imputes thy worth,
That monster faction was by thee brought forth.
The loue of him hath made thee arrogant,
He hath betraid thee to the ignorant.
By faction didst thou fall from thy estate,
T was faction made thee first infortunate:
That all in ill and ill in euery part,
Hath made thee factious *Athen* as thou art:
T is arte indeed whom thou hast wrong'd in this;
T is I for loue of both made Bigamis.
I flie contempt of learning it is I
That cannot meete with true sinceritie:
To me the vice of schollership belongs,
I haue an inward feeling of her wrongs:
T is I whom learning tempts to imprecation,
Being impatient of her estimation.
I challenge faction for her vile estate,
And curling it, I still asseuerate,
Since arte from *Athen* tooke her opprobrie,
And both their ills did transmigrate in me;
It was because I plac't my loue amisse,
Where no respect nor good opinion is.
For louing her am I opinions grate,
And out of loue become thus passionate:
If this be made the vmpire of her liking,
May faint defection practise mine acquiting.
I'll change this arte for some mechanicke skill,
And *Athen* for a moderne *Thracian* hill:
A Muse-forfaken *Thrace*, an *Ismarus*,
Long lif'd by memorie of *Orpheus*,
Orpheus, who dignified with legacie
Hebrus and heauen for head and choristrie.
What imputation is familiar,

The Rastionate

If I disclaime this inaspicious star,
If borrow wings to flie from *Mercurius*,
Tis but defection not Apostasie.
When heau'n was turbulent with *Ioniou* pride,
Liu'd not *Apollo* by *Amphorysus* sides.
For there he did auoid a troubled aire,
And here *Admetus* he was passing faire.
At *Thracian Ismarus* will I repose
Within the mount *Hermaphrodite*, that knows
Two parts distinguisht, and as different
In qualitie for their distract intent.
Whats *Ismarus*, thou art so rapt with seeing?
Tis any thing but that which hath no being.
Europe of her descent doth vainely boast,
Much owes she vnto *Thrace*, to *England* most.
The Countrie loues this faire *Hermaphrodite*,
The Citie knowes her for the Citie's type,
In Court a Courtier, and the Courtier, it
Is nothing but a somewhat *Ismarus*,
In liuing there I shall not liue abstract,
Nor to one residence my selfe contract:
Since *Ismarus* each Nation doth affine,
Saue *Atheni* onely all the world is mine.
The world is mine in natures sympathie,
For both sustaine but contrarietie:
So *Ismarus* earths partie coloured kittle,
Hath one side barren and the other fertile.
Her barren part that's bare in all good parts,
Whether from outward cause or els defects,
Or from a well becomed distinguishment,
Or all, I doubt how safely to assent.
This onely doth his steril mold suggest,
Each land of every plant is not possesse
For this blame Nature, and yet blame her not,
Shes better idle then *Halipharot*.
If Nature were alike industrious,

The

Th indifferent arbiter of *Ismarus*,
 Each part were reconcil'd, and Cedars height
 Should leuell with the earth of meanest sprite.
 But she in wisdom thought it no offence,
 By rest to giue to shrubs preeminence:
 So we vphold the state of gouernement,
 As Natures instance makes vs prouident.
 Admit that either side of *Ismarus*
 VVere equall apt in his materiall drosse
 To entertaine each forme that's vegetant
 Of herbe or tree or whatsoever plant.
 Nature being prodigall of influence,
 Should yeeld her wisdom to suspicious sense.
 Giue vnto heauen alike in euery part,
 Like grosse densation, and *Apollus* harpe,
 Shall be as pale an object in the cie,
 (Though set with gold) as brasse pauid *Galanis*,
 And it, as much vnable to reflect,
 As where the *Cymbides* make breach vncheckt.
 Repine at this, so shalt thou call in question
 Natures decree and by strong insurrection
 Be openly rebellious to that state,
 VVhereby thou wert thy selfe predestinate:
 So shalt thou in thing owne immodestie
 Looke vppon heauen with a *Promethean* cie,
 Endeavour to reduce the earth againe
 Into her ancient indigested frame,
 Rob heauen of stars, stars their intelligence,
 The world of motion, light and influence.
 Of this repining sect, two sects there are,
 VVhose fortunes (albeit vnfamiliar)
 Coniure herein. The one is Atheist:
 The other thinks that God is onely his.
 Atheisme an *Ismarite* and Politician,
 Being rich in generall for his conditions
 So giues all franchise ment of libertie

The Passionate

Aspire through an ambitious industrie,
Disputes that *Mightines* must be attained
Through broken vows through faith and conscience stained.
These darke endeavors are religion
To Atheisme, other faith he knoweth none:
But making of deuotion an extent,
Exceeds a *Democraticke* gouernment,
As not sufficient spacious to admit
A generall weale of equallisde conscript.
So he repines the poorest rational
Should dwell contented by his native thrall,
Since in ambition lies his remedie,
And by neglecting curious pollicie,
He leaues the meanes whereby he may inuite
Fortune that's flexible to all alike.
Precisianisme whose zeal's at interest,
Who of himselfe doth selfe conceit a best,
Exemplifies his instance in proes,
And wils an vniuersall barrenness:
Forbids the day producing chariot,
To draw about the all suraying God:
Because his seruile hand doth well sustaine
The needie traces of a *Lydian* waine:
Enuies the gouernment that's temporall,
Repines at order *hierarchicall*,
And in his scruple doth extenuate
Whatever office fortune or estate.
Yee faithfull vnto orthodoxall terror,
Religious authors of religious error,
Vsing her proper organs and protect
In selfe conspiracie which you affect,
O wherefore is the name of Magistrate
So harsh of cadence? wherefore doe you hate
The purple garment or the scarlet mantle?
How ill becomes it those rude palmes to handle
The scepter or the sword, how more then ill

To

Poet.

To slay the Iudge vnroyallize the King?
The price of this strong heresie contrai'd,
Thy faith must be deprau'd, thy selfe depriu'd
Of all commercement with sincere deuotion,
For thou art mou'd vnto that violent motion
Of Atheisme blind of God, and both agree
By different meanes to worke equalitie:
The one commends the Sunne for his accessse,
What he elates, the other doth depresse,
And what they both preferre, it is to all,
Each season for an Equinoctiall,
Improouing the premist necessitie
Of *Ismarus* dispos'd so diuersly.
This *Thracian* hill contends to imitate
Man in his liuely forme and inward states:
And how conuenient is the presidence
Of soule and mind and intellectuall sense
Before the bodie that affects but clay,
Let the repiner in his manhood say:
Then shall he seriously affirme with me,
That speake out of mine owne necessitie.
I speake the necessary barrennesse
Of *Ismarus* and natures inaccessible:
Albeit I do preferre her fruitfull side,
Not led by discontent that child of pride,
But by innated loue of selfe well willing,
We wish all fruitfull parts within our dwelling.
There dwell where *Ismarus* in iocund sense
Of Natures hand commends her excellence.
Vnto that fertile part her fairer field,
Will I my poesie and my passion yield:
Faire is that field which richly shal infuse
Nature for arte, spirit for *Genius*.
Into her *Orpheus* did she breath such spirit
And nature such as none since did inherit.
For since his time all studie was dispos'd

The Passionate

To the obscurities which Artes disclose,
Who cares for simples skill? or who is he,
That vnto trees will play his minstrellie?
Arte beares a nimbler wing, the Lupricall
Is made the pearch where Learning loues to fall.
Then soare aloft and shadow with your wings
A cast't *Athenian*, who in passion sings
To *Ismarus* exceeding in the fertile
Of Vine and Oliue, and the conquerors Mirtle,
The Rose, the Tamarix, and the *Ionian* Oake,
The Laurell vnacquainted with the stroke
Of thunder, the *Italian* Cyprus tree,
The Pine, the Poplar and the Mulberrie
Lethiferous Ewe, whose nature euer craues
Some *Golgotha* or seat of dead mens graues:
He sing to Plants of others and of these,
And call no auditorie but of trees.
The fruitfull *Ismarus* did iustly boast
That she exceld in Vine and Oliue most:
Then let thy song measure her symphony
In time as semblable: that thou thereby
Maiest make their donatiue the former place
To giue vnto thy verse a measures grace.



The Vine.

*Sing vnto her generous selfe,
Sing her pleasure and of health:
To th'innat'd Ipes sing,
And the Orgists renelling.*

SOME call her Vine, as if she were invited,
Sborne and yet taught, though willing, yet incited

To

To industrie, and some do well contend
 She were no Vine, did she not apprehend
 What euer neighbouring tree within her tendrels,
 When neighbourhood is dead and trees are friendles.
 But I must blesse her by no other name
 Then that of Vine, because she is the same.
 Because shee's vitall in mortalitie,
 By whose well tempered heat they liue and be.
 They liue and be where honor health and pleasure
 Admit no emulation, meane nor measure.
 Of Plants, the Vine is onely generous,
 Powerfull in medicine and Physicks vse,
 So is she pleasures bed, trees chiefeft beautie,
 For at her feete they prostitute all dutie.
 Delight, whose complacence is gracious,
 Proues her the Maiestie of */marini*,
 Honor of Plants, and syluane Emperie,
 A gracious Vine, a pleasing Maiestie:
 Assist me, O thou spirit once traducte
 From nature of a more heroick Muse.
 Thou soule of musicke houering in the ayre,
 Vnto thy */marini* at length repaire,
 Returne and stand my strong intelligence,
 That I may sing the Vines faire presidence:
 Excusse my feare, lest fearing I do faint
 In the cold blood which shall my heart attaint:
 Preuent it, O preuent it, and repute me
 Able to sing her greatnesse worth and beautie.
 That she is generous, the vse makes good:
 It fills the veines of Kings with royall blood.
 No liquor but that of the purple grape,
 Makes blood so pure, so fresh, so roseate,
 Tis that extracted and essentiall spirit,
 Which from the foure a second place doth merit:
 Tis euer such, as euer is the same,
 So lustre fresh, as moyst within the veine.

The Passionate

For why the Vine, as time and age aspire,
So nouell good doth excellence acquire.
So is it pure as fresh, and who not knowes,
That pure and fresh do both affect the Rose?
All celebrations do preferre the Vine:
The festall and the sacrificing shrine.
In it the deities are reconcil'd,
It makes the countenance of Gods more milde,
And well deserues of men, whose feastes do know,
Th'administred wine addes royaltie thereto,
And grace, whereof those feasts may glory most,
Which in the knowledge of their Vine do boast.
O do not thou this grace and man disseuer,
But make the Gods propitious, O for euer.

Shee's generous, that's most vnto her selfe,
But shee's more soueraigne within the health
Of others, hauing both the power and will,
To search and cleanse all crude infectious ill:
And to confirme those necessary parts,
Whose dissolution vtterly subuert
The bodies state. My verse may be replete
With faire distinguishment of formes concrete,
To whose dissent the Vine doth moderate
In kind obseruance of the better state,
Contending to make actiue her intent
In homogeneall and in excrement
Diuided: Neither could I not relate,
How 'tis the vine that doth assimilate
The better nutritiues, how it is shee,
That purgeth the corrupting reliquie,
Disioynes the good from bad, digesteth all,
To proue it so, is no prouinciall.
Thou soueraigne Plant, O cleanse this body still,
Be euer Iudge betwixt the good and ill.

Shee's generous great: and in salubritie
Vnto that greatnesse shee doth multiplie

More

Poet.

More worth : O but the Vine's most worthie then,
 Her excellence preferd into the Scene.
 I do pretend that beautie whose delight
 In faire applause commends it to the sight.
 Pleasure the subiect of true complacence,
 There hath she laid her primate residence.
 Sing ye of this, that in aduersitie
 Make her your refuge and your sanctuarie:
 That vnderneath her capreols do debar
 The scorching heat of a Meridian star,
 And with her leaue teguments elate
 The cold of ayre admoued and dislocate.
 Your testimonie is requir'd herein,
 That euer liu'd securely by the Vine.
 Yee *Caradupa* deafe vnto the fall
 Of *Nilus*, or the spheres so musicall
 Acknowledge thy securer Lethargie,
 As from the Vine and not a Poppie tree:
 Thy great dimension howsoever great,
 Is by the Vine conceald from cold and heat,
 To the secur'd, distrest, or whomsoever,
 Tis in the vse of refuge, or of pleasure.
 The body of this tree it selfe is small,
 But notwithstanding it hath armes withall,
 Whose faire extent so large, so spacious
 Shadowes the Citizens of *Ilium*,
 Not borrowing light or lustre from the great,
 But as the Sunne which makes each star repleat
 With light of his, so doth she lend to all,
 And hence it is some do her *Cynthia* call,
 But that's in heau'n : They know her on the earth,
 The chaste *Alpheia* or *Latona's* birth;
 Vnder her shade *Apollo* well discloses
Diana sleeping on a bed of Roses:
 Sleepe on, and sleepe securely, for thy bed
 Is all of Roses, mixt with white and red.

The Passionate

O how shall I acquite me of this tree,
Being so engag'd to her amenitie?
If she from inward pleasure, tis in vaine,
Her outward greatnesse meets thee there againe;
If I reuerse my sight as blind of these,
Her soueraigne hand is seene on other trees:
That hand whose Generous beautie led me forth,
And now confounds me in her Soueraigne worth.
As moderne Painters in their arras story
Shew many arches vnderneath one body:
So fares this Ode referd vnto the Vine,
Whose many heads one body must conioyne,
Being all imperfect and impertinent,
As meere position and no argument.
The subtill matter is so implicit,
I suffocate in condigesting it;
And then I faint, and so did *Cissus* die,
She fell before the vine, and so must I.
She (by the earths aduice) embrac't the tree,
With iuie leaues and such like borderie,
In token of her loue in ages past,
And with such iuie is our vine enchaft.
With loue of *Cissus* (*Cissus* euer liues,
And life and loue in vines are relatiues.
From this relation many do pretend
A zealous loue, when life's proposd the end,
The scope the exigent, and destinie,
Of all their saffron guilded obsequie.
And such the vermin of these subtill times,
Such are th'innated *Spes* of our vines,
Bred of the bodies thrift and fat increase,
Begotten by the Sunne that shines in peace:
Like the Egyptian frie when *Amphytrus*
Grues slimy *Nilus* to the *Theoriste*:
As Sunne and slime engender those *Niluses*,
So hot and moyst begets our ages *Spes*.

Our

Poet.

Our husbandmen which trauaile much herein,
 Do find this woorme obnoxious to the vine;
 Yea some suggest that are more *Chymicke* wife,
 These are the *Ipes* that anotomize
 This goodly tree, that feed vpon her leaues,
 And whats without the rinde, this worrne bereaues,
 And but that *Hydraes* waues are of such force,
 That no obiection counterchecks her course,
 Time might produce a some-*Herculean* wit,
 Which by elaborate hand might limit it.
 Besides these *Ipes*, there are *Orgists* too,
 which to the world the shape of men do show:
 But O how much inhumane are they then,
 whom wholesome wine makes monsters. and no men?
 Too much haue th-y, that are immoderate,
 And change the vines true vse appropriate,
 That surfet in her bounnie, and beguile
 Their senses with the too much sweet of wine,
 That being drunke dares wrong the innocent,
 And in his outrage be incontinent,
 Aduance th unworthie rich: what dares he not
 In frenzie to deuise? contriue, complot,
 And yet the Vine is not in cause of it,
 The draft is all vnguiltie of the drift:
 Their fume is the better argust,
 To proue her powerfull where she doth insist:
 So best Elixers make compendious breath,
 And fairest object soonest rauisheth.
 I dare sustaine that no infectious ayre
 Can penetrate the Moones more solid spheares
 Nor prophanation in a borrowed shape
 Be entertaind within the temples gate.
 So are my thoughts secure. Great God secure them,
 That Vines conceale no serpents to inure them;
 But make this tree the fairest of our time,
 Like Sphere and Temple solid and diuine:

The Passionate

Of thee we aske it, and it is in thee:
To giue her greatnesse, pleasure, soueraignie.
Tis thine to punish drunkards, and tis thine
To bruite th innated /pes of our Vine.
May neuer Monster be of able power,
Nor serpent-time in all her nights; deuoute
This goodly tree, each *sinners* prostrate
Here lay *Amor*, and all asseuerate.



The Olive.

*Here is Olive; Lemite,
And the Vine in Emperie.
Vine and Olive in conuente,
Making gouernment complete.*

WHilst yet these outward senses all furchargd,
With the deluge of curious Arte enlargd
Beyond the native bounds which Nature knowes,
And Arte with Nature both were interposd,
The sensine matter and the mysterie,
As yet her workmanship we did applie.
But when this grosser ayre was so dispergd,
We saw the Vine with Olive tree inuergd.
Here written Rountie matcht with Prouidence,
Vnder this offered dutie did commence.
Within a girdle was the Vine empaild,
Much like that Amarynthian star enuaild
In her discoloured cyrcle, or the zone
Which once *Thasmanides* fire bestowed vpon
The vaporous *Ioue*. This faire Coronet
Was of the choyselt Olive trees complet
That tree which most affects her, and from hence

We view that part of Natures prouidence.
 Of many Oliues she compos'd the same,
 And here Th' assumption is requir'd againe,
 Vnto her bountie multiplied thus,
 Vpon this little hill of *Ismarus*.
 If Nature be so rich in donatiue,
 If see the thing that yet is blind of life,
 Then may I liue to her that so aduerts
 When I am dead to *Athen* and to Arts.
 And from a liberall hand with bountie crown'd,
 The Oliue and her lenitie resound.
 To sing of faire accord and mutuall vse
 In Wine and Oyle the Oliues exprest iuice.
 At *Ismarus* this is a worthie tree,
 Forther's her *Tryne* or best triplicite.
 Since to the Vine it holds a neere accesse,
 T is high, t is ; O but do not thou impresse
 Thy lowly selfe within descriptions weight,
 For honor is a slight suspending bayt.
 And how vnworthy might I there insist,
 That am the Vineyards yongest herborist.
 My skil's my counterfai within this act,
 And both as yet of genuine infract.
 But shee's suggestiue to selfe-flatterie,
 Soothing her imperfections to soothe me.
 And when I say the Oliue tree is tall,
 Of faire dimension, beautifull withall,
 Her oft diuided roote so deeply laid,
 And head like blossomes on the Palme displaid:
 If say her pyth is rare, and so disperst
 T is seldome seene, though many times trauerst:
 This flattering Giglot fufurrates as much,
 And sweares this accent is a Doricke touch
 Though harsh of musicke, and of measuring,
 Yet stops and strikes vnto the selfe same string.
 This delinution stimulates vs on,

And

The Passionate

And bids me set a nice division
In gardaine Oliues, and be discrepant
Betwixt the melancholie stipticke Plant
And the fat Oliue, from whose subtile parts
We drayne the oyle of many chearefull hearts.
This was the sistrage spousall which the Dame
Propos'd to *Athen* for her borrowed name,
When strife was vnder wing, and since that time
Her branches well besee me th- *Ionicke* shrine.
This tree, as of it selfe is so abounding
In thristie fat, that added moystur's drowning,
And suffocates the pure and subtile oyle:
wherefore the fatest's not the fittest soyle
where to insert this Oliue: O but yet
It withers, if the Sunne be opposit.
For wisely say our ancient herborists,
It is affected to the rorall mists:
And bee't, with limitation that her seat
Be not exempt from sense of heauenly heat,
which may be able to extenuate,
And lay her foggie moisture separate,
which in a moderne heat an *Aprils* Sunne
Is powerfull to attract, but not consumes
Her berries yet on tree are immature,
And (though by many yeeres) they so endure.
which that they may attaine a sauorie taste,
Our skilfull husbandmen do vse to place
A modest quantitie of riper ones,
In a congested pile whereon enthrones
Such fauourable and conforing shine,
As some makes timely ripe, some fore their time.
But in confirmed iuice the oyle is best,
That's drayn'd and separated easiest
From purfe or huske, and such like iuice as this,
Is not with earth or earthly parts commist.
The most experienc't husbandman sustaine s;

Bad

Poet.

Bad Oliues aske no soyle, the good no paines:
Good needs nor scythe nor pruning instrument,
For so vnskillfull husbandmen preuent
Th increase of after seasons, and such bleeding
Ads detriment vnto the yeeres succeeding.
This tree requires no hands applied to wound it,
No trident rake, nor trenching spade to sound it;
She needs not these, nor needs it vs to wrong her,
Disclose the roote, but take we nothing from her.
Perhaps we may the earth discumulate,
Descrie some gowte or branch adulterate,
Some tuberous prim, or superfluitie
About the root of her vnwittingly;
(As not a tree in fruitfull *Imarus*,
But these attempt t infect and choake her thus,
And fairest Plants conceals the fowlest weed)
If any such in Olive be descried,
Incision must be vsde, yet warilie:
Cut off th'adulterate branch, but touch no tree.
For why it well deserues, that well discernes
Preseruatiue for good, and cure for harmes.
From hence the Romanes had it still in vse,
When *Iannu* gates were ope and when occluse.
For with her taglets did they Stephanize
Their peace-affected heads in cruill wise.
And in a forraigne expedition,
When fire and war had leau to looke vpon
Their neighbouring Prouinces, as to preuent
And obuiate defection imminent
Their store in wine and oyle did they propose,
And where these wanted, there supplied their woes.
And such was Oyle. But this is serious,
I rather do propose her homely vse:
To speake her as the cause of permanence
In colour, light, or such familiar sense.
For when the industrious hand would faine pretend

D

Some

The Raigne

Some in a braſine worke vnto whoſe end
No later age aſpires, 'tis layd in Oyle,
Whoſe durance neither time nor age alloyle.
And when our Lampes are niggard of their light,
Th'infused Oyle makes ſmoake to burne more bright.
This liquor's of an ayerie qualitie,
And ſtill aſpires to principallitie:
Tis liquids president, 'tis auerſate
With other moiſts to be incorporate,
Albeit that moiſt and dry and euery thing
Retaine the fauor of her moiſtning.
So doth it penetrate and finde euafion
Throughout the incompact pores dilation:
And therefore we appoint his proper place,
The ſolid matter of this brittle glaſſe:
This brittle glaſſe. And what's not glaſſe and brittle?
The flower that ſcapes the ſybe ſhall meete the ſickle.
From glaſſe this precious vnguent we extract,
Though it be brittle, yet is it compact;
So ſhould it be transparent with the eyes
Of wortheie patients, not of Politie:
Becauſe the conſtant veſſell of our oyle,
In whoſe behalfe may all theſe ſenſes toyle,
Much to her ſelfe, but more for ſympathie
With wine and the viniferous qualitie.
For Vine and Oliue knowes one horoſcope,
Albeit the Vine firſt answered Natures hope
Their ſometimes mother vnder timely birth,
And therefore juſtly held the heire of earth.
Yet in their mutuall uſe we find that meane,
That's equall different from each extreme.
The Vine is Phyſicks powerfull Emperie,
The Oliue of a yeelding lenitie,
Tis milde in practice as a ſoueraigne thing
Her too much uſe is too much nourniſhing
In the rancke feeding bodies of our ſtate,

Whoſe

Poet.

Whose commessation is immoderate,
Their senses languishing in excrement,
The stomacke opilate and findes no vent,
If wine not interuent, and well decide it,
And to such maladie we must prescribe it.
When oyle makes ranck, and rancour so posselt
By powerfull wine his station is deprest
The sword of Physicke purging remedie,
To indigested parts which excrese,
Tis like the wealth of many Seas enlarg'd,
Whose all-conspiring waues together charg'd,
Disfound the highest arches and defence,
Preferring all before their violence:
Such is th abstracted wine, as in it selfe,
That will not daime t'intreat the bodies health,
When it hath power to search the very raines,
Th interimies, and all that life sustaines.
Tis in the simple practize ouer strong,
Vnlesse some other mixture do prolong,
Call backe, and mitigate the violence
Which her sequestred spirits shall commence.
And what is so competible conceat?
What more restraining the intentiue heat
Of cleansing wine, when wine admits restraint,
(As Votaries sometime direct their Saint)
Then smooth and gentle Oyle of milde aspect,
That wine repress by it, may it erect?
Tis milde: so is the wine that's ministred
At sound mens tables, not the sicke mans bed:
To well disposed bodies soueraigne Wine,
But in prescript of potion t'is enclind
To Emperie, where the disease requires
Extinguishment to opilations fires.
But oyle alone infus'd relieues the same,
Where Oyle with Wine hath power to quench his flame.
Or rather soueraigne Wine as it doth tend

The Passionate

To maintenance and a preserving end.
For when it cleanseth, nothing is subiected,
But some vnnecessaries which infected
The better parts: and when Purgations force
Moues other loyall members with the sourse
And strength thereof, th'enacted violence
Sauors of nothing more than prouidence,
That lowly rectifies by inquisition,
Least they retaine some tincture from Ambition
So doth it search them and so rectifie,
That pure may sauer nought but puritie.
So is it soueraigne Wine, and so alone,
As to the sound, and in abstraction:
And notwithstanding of it selfe consisting
Tis great in Medicine, yet in commixing
With gentle Oyle it is more general,
For wine and oyle are Phisicks all in all.

It is her gouernement of Optimater
Who vnder presidence confirme a State.

The vulgar Plants out of this Emperie
Reseruing but a modest libertie,
Be they applied vnto the outward parts,
When wine erects or inwardly subuerts
Out of occasion: when the Wine with oyle
Is more of power t'establish or asloyle,
More victuall: wherefore sometimes guilded age
Held their inseparable equipage,
Prescribing Wine and Oyle to euery grieve,
The one to cleanse, the other for reliefe.
For both may this grieve-labouring *l/martha*
Vpon her arbitrating power infuse
Myriads of mulsiue Orasons whose sense
May giue to wine and oyle long residence.
That after seasons may present them yet
To purge and rectifie each *l/martha*.

The

Poet.



The Myrtle.

*Myrsine occupies the stage,
Freshly bleeding to our age.
Th' incensed Goddess in remorse
Here imposed Athens curse.*

AT *Athens*: who names *Athens* here in *Thrace*?
Licentious Faine that holds her still in chace.
And is there yet conceal'd some obscure deed
From Ages past, which makes her now to bleed.
Shall *Athens* (O shall shee) with infamie
Stand vpright in this last Chronologie?
And shall these daves of ours speake *Myrsines* death,
The long since *Myrsine*, that dispos'd a wreath
In those enacted lustes and Tournament,
VVhat time the Arbitrate indifferent
Ex'tending Garlands to th'applauded head,
Distinguish't Conqueror and the conquered?
At *Athens* therie the faire *Myrsina* liu'd,
Athens the same that *Myrsines* life depriv'd.
An enuious *Athens* that proscribes her best;
Expels her sees that Drones may be possest.
Do greater lights obscure thy glymmering?
Or makes it way vnto thy Soueraigning.
Amongst the blind that know not to descric
Thy infinite abuse of Monarchie?
Such is their gouernement, and so austere,
That they expose the man whom they but feare;
Feare him that but obserues; and if he sees
That eve of his peruerts his destinie.
And those faire hopes which Nature did incoffe,

The Passionate

Adapting fortunes equall to his Birth.
And though thou laydst a most repining hand
Vpon thy child, (aſt worthe to be ſcand
By after houres from intermitted ages,
Which ſhall declare to them theſe natue ſtrages).
Yet ſee thy Goddeſſe, whoſe Imagerie,
Thou more eſteem ſt then others deitie,
Abhors this deed that cannot hate thy name,
Shee'l challenge thee, thy infamie diſclame.
See how ſhee weeps vpon *Myrſinaes* breſt.
And ſwears that *Athen* thenceforth, diſpoſſeſt
Of her belou'd, ſhould to the ſelfe ſame fate
Commit all knowledge of the publike ſtate.
What els from learning? By her ſelfe ſhe ſwore,
That *Athen* ſhould be *Athen* and no more:
Arte ſhould diſcerne of nought but what was right,
And Schollers meereſe ſeene in ſchollerſhip.
Beſides ſhe ſwore, that Arte when at the height,
Euen then her reputation to be hight:
Then leaſt of eſtimate leaſt priz'd; and why?
It erres in too much popularitie.
Yet ſhe continued in this imprecation,
And yet enioyn'd her to ſelfe affectation,
To diſcontentment which ſhall carry her
Through ſtranger Nations and remoted ſar:
Her better wits to be the moſt vnſtaide,
In giddie aſtion venturous to wade
Beyond themſelues, yea and her graueſt hed
Strong in eroticke ſects opinioned:
To many mo of Arts the proper vices
Diſeaſes manifold, which thence ariſes,
As Melancholy, Rheume, a hollow eie,
A downward looking, and the maladic
Of head and head-ach, leane and pale aſpect,
A backe inur'd to bend and to deſlect,
A ſtomacke nice, and apt to be offended,

Diseases

Poet.

Diseases to th'extreamer parts extended,
With twice as many griefes, which Arte best knowes,
All these th incensed Goddesse did impose
At *Myrsines* death, and Learning since her wracke,
Mournes for the fayre *Myrsina* all in blacke,
To expiate the sinne whose memorie
Is lif'd in Statua of a Myrtle tree.
For so the weeping Goddesse did allow
No more a *Myrsine* but a Myrtle now.
A tree, whose better kind is very rare:
A tree, that can abide no vncouth ayre:
A marriish, but no muddie tegument
About the roote to hinder her ascent,
A tree that's choakt with too much manurie,
Yet neuer thriues but by seueritie:
That at the bitter roote is somewhat flow;
But in maturitie it doth outgrow
All other Plants, and of these trees we find
Two diuers sorts, and of a differing kind:
Of which the greater is not held the best,
Nor that of earthly parts the most possest.
For earth restraines the spirits indultrie,
Assimulating to her qualitie,
And but what's sensuall from the sense bereaues,
Nor is that best, which shewes the blackest leaues.
For is there any braine so foule with sud,
But knowes the fiend may vse a Friers hood?
Nor is that best, which first puts forth her flower,
Being all as apt to wither in an hower:
Or that, whose branching armes are euer greene,
Yet neuer fruite on armes or branches seene.
Some Myrtle shewes her fruite vnto the Sunne,
And shuts her flower but in such Horizon.
Yea, some performes it by the silent night
And they are such, whose deeds do hate the light.
Some in continuall labor, some in rest,

But

The Passionate

But yet no any of these kinds is best:
And that in Myrtles holds the Primacie,
That knowes no dayly toyle nor Lethargies
That brookes the day by night, and night by day;
That's timely ripe, true colour'd, free from clay.
And such a Myrtle's manifold in vse,
If so th'incens'd powers can reduce,
Reuerse, and nullifie th'imposed cure:
If they be reconcil'd, it is of force
Within the bodies cure: In other termes,
Tis not of vertue to relieue her harmes.
In fields tis Myrtle, and in *Athens* yet
Schollers discerne of nought but Schollership.
Whereas enlarg'd the Myrtle's physical,
And Learning manumist most meet instal'd
In publike office. Be not this offence.
I wish to Learning some experience.



The Rose.

*White is here vermillioned,
Mutuall strife of white and red:
Here an arbitrating field,
Both the Roses reconcil'd.*

HOW much inconstancie, what Innouation?
Hath wizzard Time seene since the world's creation.
Many September Moones which haue recanted,
Transported Monarchies, and states supplanted.
What change in others, and what personate,
How much varietie might Time dilate?
There was a time, fore Gods did disaccord,
Obscu'd none els but the first moouing Orbe,

Then

Poet.

Then errant stars, and then the firmament
No Motion knew, but what was violent
And from an outward cause: Yet was it thus,
Till Sonnes of heauen became licentious.
First was Monarchall rule, but Tyrannie,
VVhich now no longer had his sufferancie.
Then they enquir'd into their optimates,
And held it for a too ambiguous state:
And then anon was f're Democracie
Turn'd Pop'lar licence and free Libertie:
Then subiects spheres turn'd head against their Mouer;
Some err'd, some in their doubtfulness'e discover
A voluntary course and free incesse,
To which they toyle in moouing tardinesse.
And fembie laggie spiders most in this,
That slow, do yet aspire the Pyramis
Of some erected spoke within the wheele
That's downward driu'n, or Mariners in keele,
VVhere sayles are spread before some boysterous gales;
They backward walke, with face on wind and saile,
And like rebellious Libertines insist
To make the primate violence remisse:
It forceth them, they him againe recall,
And still the while, Time must obserue them all.
Looke downe on *Ismarus*, and Time well knowes,
That in his memorie it had a Rose,
An only Rose, and that, as onely white,
Amongst the rest her fayrest *Ismarus*.
It saw one age in white, so had it more,
Had not this Rose bin steep't in royall gore:
Vntill the greatest of Nobilities
Did gaze on beauties worth with lustfull eyes;
Till Lust or'ecame, and Beautie rauished,
Then was the white turn'd to vermillion red.
Some say loues Queene pursuing her belou'd,
Despair'd, because vntimely death improv'd

E

And

The Rasseionate

And check't her in the course of fairest hope,
She gaue her swelling heart a pulsive scope:
And all enrag'd, all naked, all ymaskt,
Vpon a roseat bed herselfe she cast;
And the vermilion drops which issued,
Tinguisht the palefac't Rose in deepest red.
Others say it was Nectar from aboue,
Which when the wanton boy in dalliance stroue
To free him from his mothers armes yfolding,
Checkt with his wings the faire Mounteagle holding
An ample Cœnophron with Nectar crownd,
Which from his hand admou'd, bedew'd the ground,
And sperst his moyst vpon a roseat bed,
What time her white was all vermillioned.
Howe'er it was, lust caus'd them both to fall,
And Beauties wracke was the Prouinciall:
And now the Rose was red, and now the rather
Men lou'd it for the shape then for the fauor.
For though it had the shape of seeming Rose,
It fauour'd but of some Abrotonos.
The sent was of a practicke deepe intention,
When swelling blood exceeding veines dimension,
By strong eruption sought to coole their heate,
And turne the soure out of his current quite.
T was deadly imposition to the braine
Of vertue to enrage, infect, inflame:
Besides it had such strong intent of taste
As families extinguisht, and layd waste
The fruitfull *l/marus*. This Age of red,
Long kept the Rose, and long continued;
Vntill the earth fearing her owne estate,
Least such continuance might depopulate
Herselfe: least Time protracted might discover
Her nakednesse to those which lue aboue her,
Coniur'd the faire assisting hand of Nature,
By laying forth, how but a subiect Creature,

Inspir'd

Poet.

Inspir'd by Arte, had brought vpon her head
Strong imputation, chang'd her white to red,
How red had stain'd her with discoloured gore:
And any thing she spake, which might implore
Or call reliefe; and powerfully she spake.
For now the rose and red were separate.
And now the earth prepar'd a subiect matter,
Able to entertaine, not Arte, but Nature:
A speciall forme which might distinguish it,
From flowers of other kind, not of her sect;
A rose in which there was no ministrie
For colour to detain the busied eie.
But yet the while, Art out of sound inuention,
Contriu'd to abrogate her owne suspension,
Applying colour of the deepest graine,
That euer did this *Microcosme* sustaine.
Much matter of her owne she ministred,
With more supplie of bloud disentrall'd,
Much more in vaine of wealthy veines made poore,
Which to this worke did empte all their store,
And all to little conquest or successe:
For now no tinguishment might here impresse,
And euery present might haue beene the same;
And had not white blusht at such homebred shame,
Now did she blush, that could not yet forbear,
To looke vpon this native ntasacre,
This Summers heate gaue wings vnto the red.
Which warre vclept and earst discomfited,
That warre I count, that vnto this dissent,
Prescrib'd a rule and strong arbitrement:
I count it warre, the rather for his might,
That powerfully call'd backe the red to white.
Thus mutually the roses dimicate:
Now this aspir'd, or that held principate,
Till white at length assum'd a paler forme,
(O crooked age! where whites in white forlorne.)

The Passionate

And borrowes terrible aspect from death,
Who whilom her of soueraigntie bereft.
This pale-fac't Rose was fearefull to her selfe,
Vntimely borne a Rose, and borne by stealth.
T extirp the goodliest plants that beautified
The Tharcian *Ismarus* on fruitfull side.
How like a Boare enlarg'd and free of head,
Ranging through desert soile vnpeapled,
Where not the wandering Pilgrime hath access,
Applies his fangs with doubled meagernesse
On trees and mushrom shrubs, disheuering them,
Euen from the highest capreolls to the stem?
So did he tyrannize: yet seems it me,
To speake of satire Rose in modesty:
Sufficeth that the Bore sincontinent,
Prowd of his prey, yea, and so insolent,
That now insulting pride seemd to implore,
Some venturous Knight t'encounter with the bore.
Tis cal'd the worlds asloyer from a farre,
Who now to *Erymanthus* did repaire,
By *Iuno's* imposition, so to free,
Th' *Arcadian* hill, from death and tyrannie.
This was the worlds rich Rose, and fairest red,
That euer palled Monster sequestred.
And now the Bore espied his Hunteresse,
Who (fearing lest her promised successe
Might intercept his friends and call supplie
From other beastes of his conspiracie)
Vpon a champion strond he her accoasted,
With doubled strength, vnworthie to be boasted,
Vnworthie any glory, had it bin,
Had he stood Epilogue vnto this Scene,
That vnder retinue seem'd to containe
The greatest ones that did possesse the plaine.
How much the greater was that Victory,
Where Red or' came in his minority;

And

Poet.

And wrought more wonders in his pupill age,
Than euer was presented to this stage,
That reconcil'd the simple to her red,
Mixture that might not be distinguished;
And this was neither red nor white I weene,
But that of *Prouince* or the *Damascene*:
That Rose, whose zulape in the fourth degree,
Is much astringent for her qualities;
The *Floramour* of fields, that sists the course
Of bloods incontinence and liberall sourses
That fans exulcerations seruencie,
Calls hot to temperate, cold and moist to drier
Such is our Rose. O Gods may neuer shee
Exceed her *Prouince* or the fourth degree.

E 3

The



The Passionate



The Tamarix.

*Mutual parts and Symphonie
Of the Vine and Tamarix tree.*

I Sing of *Tamarix* that *Thracian* Plant,
A tree which all vnciuill Nations want;
For why? in peacefull soyle 'tis onely found,
And cannot prosper in dissentious ground.
It growes at *Thrace*, yet not abundantlie,
For husbandmen do much mistake this tree:
Because there are so many sembling kinds,
Whose searie trunks no Myricke sap designes.
There is one noble *Tamarix*, for her site,
No vpland *Thracian* but an *Imarite*.
There thrives it best, and in her better thriving,
Requires to ripenesse mickle times detriuing;
And when maturitie presents it selfe
In flowers, which are her only Myricke wealth,
Some enuious blast disseuers all her leaues,
And on his wings transfers them to the Seas.
Through many tedious seasons thence presents them,
And still the Wind or reauers or els prevents them.
Some say our *Tamarix* doth infect the Rose.
As doth the Sea that by obseruance flowes
Or ebs vnto the Moone, that that affects
No tree so much, as this of *Tamarix*,
Yea, and they be so mutually affind,
That either seemes on other to depend;
Nor can the Rose vnto her selfe so wither,
As that our *Tamarix* perish not together;
Nor Myricke so impropiate in his fall,

But

Poet.

But Rose must needs be inward therewithall.
Well may the *Curlew* yeeld herselfe reliefe,
But these implore as they impart their griefe.
The one vnable to erect his head,
If not suffulc't, suborn'd. and furthered,
By his correllatiues such sympathie
Confirms them both, when in their seignorie.
And now it seemes to me yong Herborist.
That Rose and *Tamarix* should be at the highest,
As I confer this season with times past,
Not that my hopes expected haue their last.

The



The Passionate



The Oake.

*Th' Ionian rinde plac'd amisse,
Her ragged rind, her Cantharus.*

SCARCE is the breath dissolu'd to subtill ayre,
Swherewith I cald it *Ionian*: O how far
DID I mistake, when not a liuing tree
More subiect to Ioues thunder than is he.
Shall I respire and call it back againe?
No, first preuaricate, and maist thou faine:
Say any thing, but doe not temporize,
Though all the world be bent to poetize.
As sayes the world, Ioue to the Oak assignd:
His name in smooother bark, not ragged rind,
I say the bark is smooth and even set,
Where the seuerer naile can find no fret.
The world but now allowde distinguishment,
And now attributes al to his ascent.
Is't but a ascent? and is it not accesse,
If it referue but a respectiuenes?
Why Ioue allows a competence to state,
But the accesle he can not tolerate.
How continent is he, would he were many,
Supplies, but not exceedes of duties any?
The cause may be from forme, or height, or station,
If these dumbe shewes haue ought of imocation.
For Thunders either free, and such is tending
Onely t'assoyle the ayre without offending:
Or cald from Heauen by some significance
Of Characters, such as the Romanes once

By

Poet.

By power of Kinglie office might produce,
 Or by attractiue vertue thats infuse
 Into some hearb or tree, which may inuoke;
 The like instinct is powerfull in the Oakes
 Whose greatnes doth inuite like *Holists* charmes,
 That answered nothing but his proper harmes
 By strong attraction: Or the Prophetesse
 That promisd others what was hir successe.
 Yt now succeeds. This Plant extends as far
 In earth, as it's incorporate to ayre.
 Heer other some do challenge hir of pride,
 That one ambitious tree should so bestride
 This litle *Imar*: how far remote,
 Is this ambition from the *Ionian* Oake,
 That growes on sandy soyle, as heath, or plaine?
 What presidence can such ambition gaine,
 That others can suborn, hir selfe subdue,
 To whom the least of enuie doth accrue,
 That onely hates the Persick plant: and why?
 It doth pertake his birthrights seignorie,
 His greatest styles (vice thats familiar,
 Being extraduc't from parents and from state.)
 Greatnes will enuie greatnes to the end,
 And *Ionian* with the *Ionian* will contend.
 Hir leaues haue deepe incision, and the barkt,
 When aged once, tis craz'd and roughlie crackt.
 It shewes hir fruite when Sunne exceeds the twinnes,
 And sleepest till the solstitian heat begins:
 When it puts forth hir gall, or akernell,
 Which yet sustein'd these earthlie bodies well,
 In vse of bread being ignorant of graine,
 From whence some say the Oake assum'd hir name:
 And not because the Gentile Gods replied,
 From the concealing Oake so deified,
 When wizzard Seers enquir'd: nor is't approu'd,
 For louers sought the names of their belou'd

The Passionate

Ycaru'd in Oake it had hir name from hence,
Being more of accent in the former sense.
The vulgar sort that neuer speculate
Beyond obseruance, do prognosticate
By the innated brood of Oaken gall,
Of after accidents which shall befall
Vnto the land: If Flie, or Ant, or Spider;
Or war, or famine shall, or plague betyde her.
I looke not on the fruit that hangs aloft,
Nor euery thing within the senses brought.
Much lesse of diuination; onely this,
Within the Oake I view a *Cambarius*,
A feeding flie: And this I dare diuine,
That flie shall make hir wither ere hir time.

The Bay.



Poet.



The Bay.

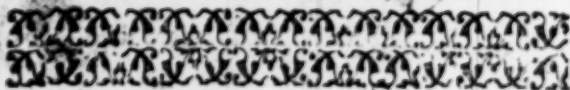
Lawrels sinewes withered,
Sleeping Fame with worthies dead.*

WAs this that *Ismarus*, or this that tree,
To whom the *Lyrick* tuned his minstrellie?
Was this the price of vertue and the breath,
Which it suspir'd amidst a sea of death,
The Poets grace, *Apoloes* sometimes mynion?
To see the errour of this foole opinion!
And shall the vilest spirit choose his seat,
Where to repose for moysture and for heat,
The whilst our generall soule shall animate
A saples trunck, and be incorporate
To abstract earth? Such is erotick Loue.
Whose dotage still opinion must approue.
Thou Soule, which animat'st empirie,
And makes hir out side seeme sincerities,
That with thy ignorance and strong conceipt
Maintein'st his life, and daie dost beget
More bastard Lawreates than the world implores,
Might all the world consist of theators:
Out on thee foole, blind of thy impotence,
Thou dost admire but in a popular sense;
Esteeming more a Pasquils harsher lines,
Then *Shads* worth which Chapmans hand refines.
What might perswade opinion, but for thee,
The *Lyrick* sung to such an out side trees
Or Poets glory in their Lawracie,
When Lawrels haue their veines shrunk vp and drie?
And yet herhaps the seasons are inuerted,
Ours differs from the Lawrels first inserted.

The Passionate

The amorous God admiring *Daphnes* worth,
Out of his statue drayn'd the spirit forth.
This season yeelds more Bayes then did the first,
But all things neer the end grow neer the worst.
Winnes the withered Bay that wants his iuices
Be more of winnes they that are obtuse
To penetrate, and call from monument
The sleeping worth of such whose soules were spent,
In honorable termes to terminate
And yeeld their memory with life to fates,
Y^e due rob'd, and bodies yet vnpurged;
O how accomodate might this be vrg'd!
Once was there such a *Sianey*. It sufficeth,
That from the graue his onely name reuiueth.
So had this age a *Burrowes*. O but he
Sleepes with his fame in lasting lethargie.
Norris, and *Morgan* sleepe, and still the while,
Our better Lawreates studie to compile
Some thing prospectiue, and obserue the times;
Heroes yet neglected in their shrine,
And since it was deny'd me to assoile
The times; I therefore studied to report
Of what was past, vnable ought to wage
With the inuention of this nymble age.
May others make the eares euapour, e,
When they vnmask the times and worlds estate:
I will admire, yet neuer will infect,
I am not prone but onely to reflect.
He write vnto the dead amongst the liuing,
Take ~~the~~ peculiar theam without corruing,
Enable ~~the~~ Gods as I pretend,
When ye acquite and giue this passion end.

The



Poet.



The Cyprus.

*Scene resound the policie,
Of this Italian Cyprus tree.*

IT was no *Thracian* tree before our time,
But forraigne *Cyprus* and a transmarine,
Transfer'd from *Italy* to *Imarus*,
Or from those parts of *France* which are adust
With heat and bee't I am no Florentine,
Ile speake the pollicie that's *supersine*.
This stranger tree, it is a Plant for kind,
That from an others roote doth euer climbe
Ingras'ted: and it growes as secretly,
Yea, makes no outward shew of surquedrie:
Discein'd from other trees and specifi'd,
For speciall subtiltie that's vndeclin'd:
Of body naked, while it is yet vpright,
But when she shall aspire her greatest height,
She apprehends the opportune'st wether,
And then puts forth her branch and fruit together:
To hide that indirectnes she applies,
Whil'st in concealing teguments it lies.
How like an *Adulter* wreathing many waves,
Compells her length when she expects her prayers,
Administring the more encouragement,
To traine him in the circuite of extent
So manifolded is the *Cyprus* tree
Vnder those branches: such her obloquie,
That wealth compos'd fills vp the continent,
Which none but she discernes or deprehead.

The Passionate

Tis sweet in sente, O who can feed vpon
Perfumed words, but some Cameleon?
It is no reſtauration, nor receiu'd
Into the body when it is agrieu'd:
Tis brieflie to her ſelfe moſt prouident,
But vnto others alwayes fraudulent;
Profeſſing what it is dem'd to be,
And ſtill concealing her abilitie.
The heathen Gentiles only vs'd the ſame,
When they conſum'd their dead in *Cyprus* flame,
Or made them Idols out of *Cyprus* tree,
As beſt beſeeming ſuch Imagerie.
Time was they vs'd it, and t'was onely Gentle,
And then Religion was b't in the ſimple,
And knew not how for diſputations ſake,
T'impugne the Godhead or religious ſtate:
But now religious and the moſt prophane
Partake one Idol and one *Cyprus* flame.
Such are theſe latter times, that would improve
More conſtancie then all the Spheres they moue.
I blame the times, and wreake that ill on them,
That appertaines vnto the ſonnes of men,
Time-ftudious men: O had I libertie
To reprehend them, as I challenge thee.

The



Poet.



The Ewe.

Taxus fatall and relieving
Cyprus tree by her exceeding.

AND why should Rome call *Nero* from his grave.
And terme him good, whom earst they did deprave?
Or why should I but now impute that tree,
Which now I must commend respectiue lie?
Nero was hatefull. *Nero*, and despis'd,
Till the succeeding *Galba* tyranniz'd:
Cyprus engag'd, till *Taxus* tree relieu'd it:
And drown'd his blacke in *Eben* that exceeds it.
Cyprus is onely practicke in the senses,
Makes fowre seeme sweet, and varnisheth offences;
When eyes see double subiects, and not see
The double dealings of the *Cyprus* tree.
But Ewe is fatall in the very notion,
The same *Cicuta* of Th' *Athenian* potion,
Extending to the life by taste or saour,
To them that sleepe in shade or els receiue her
Into the body; yet reseruing force,
When spirits are from heart and heat diuorc't.
The *Cyprus* is as index to the page,
Where Ewe capitulates his fatall rage.
Both know one *I'marus*, one *Italus*;
Both vs'd in flame and in Imagerie:
Onely the Ewe for greatnes and intension,
Exceeds the *Cyprus* and my reprehension.

The

The Passionate



The Pine.

TH Egyptians did bedew their mountaine Pine,
Not with the moyst of Nilus; but of wine.
How can that Pine but prosper then and flourish,
Whose tender roote the purest wine doth nourish?
Shall it not thrive manur'd with gracious hands?
Shall it not make a *Rich-mount* where it stands?



The Fig-tree and the Palme.

THeir fruit is set small, pleasing for the time,
But softnes doth the sense and soule decline.
The present pleasure hath an after vices
The Date her leproie, and the Figge breeds lyce.



The Poplar.

Hercules canist, what Conquest is in that,
When *Hercules* himself's effen in it?

The



*The Lotus.*

I Passe *Celastr*, for it is selfe-willd,
 That neuer thrives but in the fairest field:
 The more ~~h~~write vnto the Mulberrie,
 The lesse opinion's mine, if any be.
 Ile blame no *Ashe* for *Hypermetraes* fate,
 I know the foolish girle was desperate.
 Let Cedar be ambitious in her height,
 Yet be not thou in passion infinite,
 And reprehend each, that is offered, vice,
 Lest others thinke thy verses morallize:
 Or rather for I feare a Symphonie
 Of *Immit*s waiting varietie,
 And change of argument delights vs best,
 Where Scenes affi'd induce but tediousnes.
 And what in trees praise-worthie is deriu'd,
 From beautie of the outward part's contriud;
 Or some inherent Vertue, so againe
 In the vnworthie Plants we alwayes draine
 Inuective, either from thingratefull sence,
 From shape, or from the qualities intent,
 Or other such like vices: now the while
 Good do the bad, and both themselues beguile.
 Some one thats generall good hauing his due,
 Preuents the praise belongs to them ensue:
 So is't in bad, and so it shall suffice,
 Onely to speake of one in contraries.
 Vertue illustrates vice, describes, defines it,
 What's not of her, she vnto vice assigns it.
 Hence is't, this spaciou. subiect I sustaine;
 Is now at length abridg'd and much restraind

G

Of

The Passionate

Of scope, which here I studied to compresse,
And'th compell, fearing to be distrest
Of sentence, and of words equiuocate.
Vnles I streine the sense, or iterates
When words and sentence, and the selfe same sense,
Are oft required in the subsequents.
Of many trees I haue reserved one,
Some call it Lotus, others Citragon;
Hir fruit is enuious to the memorie,
Conducing all things vnto fantasie.
Belieue it, sometimes hath my selfe cornerst
With such as wot not what they were at first,
Lotophagi, who ratiſhed by tast,
Forget them selues, friends, countrie, and what's past.
This fruit receiued shall make me quite forget,
I was in passion, or an *Amant*.
And now me thinkes she practiseth hir force
Vpon these senses: now she doth discurse,
Now seperates what sorrow did attone,
Making it but some *Hemerocden*.
My day is done, now is my passion ended,
And but hir reliques on myne eyes suspended.

Baccharin



Oct.



Baccharis Coronaria.

THe toyled lims an.^d senses earst oppress,
Do now aduise sec^{ely} where to rest.

Vnder *Baccharis* go shade thee,
Where no Serpent shall inuade thee,
Where the Viper cannot liue,
Nothing enuious may corruie.

Strowe the Carpet all about,
With her flowers to keepe them out:
Bind thy Temples with the wreathes,
Pleated in *Chironicke* leaues:

Browes and eye-lids staine of rest,
With the iuice may they be sperst.
Here repose, for here assure thee,

Thou shalt sleepe, and sleepe securelie.

Stand hope of mine confirm d. and let me rest

In Castell guarded with a Lionesse.

*Cum tenat ocyus Ilex
Sui phure dischiumt sacro quam inq. domus q.*

FINIS.

